

John Shuttle,

AND HIS

*Wife* Mary.

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The Second Edition.

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AND HIS

WIFE

JOHN B. TRAYLON



JOHN B.

Traylon and his wife  
the above and others in line.

[Price Four Pence]



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# JOHN SHUTTLE,

AND HIS

## *Wife* MARY.

**J**OHN Shuttle, and Mary his Wife,  
 tho' according to Scripture they are  
 but *one Flesh*, yet, according to Ex-  
 perience, they have very *different Minds*.  
 The Man is as honest a plain-dealing  
 Fellow as any in the City. The Wo-  
 man as very a Tittle-Tattle as ever  
 drank Tea about St. James's. He is a  
 Man of Business, she a Woman of re-  
 fin'd

fin'd Conversation; and can debite Scandal with a very compos'd Countenance. In short, the Man is a topping *Spittle-Fields* Weaver; and the Woman a famous Midwife, whose Business lyes most at the other End of the Town.

Both the Man and Wife are great Dealers in *Politicks*, and each, according to the new Mode, have Introduced *Religion* into their Scheme. The Husband has terrible apprehensions of *Poper*y coming in; and the Wife hates the very Name of a *Presbyterian*. Their Political Disputes are often pretty Noisie, especially on the Female side of the Question, from which quarter the Neighbourhood often hears the Word *Church* repeated with a most Audible Zeal.

Tho' these two Yoak-Fellows differ thus in *Principles*, yet they draw together lovingly enough in the Point of  
*Interest,*



*Interest*, and both exert their Industry for the good of their Children.

*John*, I believe, may be, at a modest Computation, reckon'd a ten thousand Pound Man; he keeps about twenty Looms at work in the Neighbourhood, and is a Person of *Worship* and *Dignity* in the Parish, having gone through the several Offices, from *Scavenger* to *Church-Warden*. Besides, he is a Man of *Dignity* too in the *Military Way*; and as a Captain of the *Tower-Hamlets*, he makes a very Martial Figure on a Training-Day. His Time is mostly spent between *Business* and *Politicks*: And as he buys all Pamphlets that come out, so the Time that he has to spare from his ordinary Vocation, is either employ'd in the Reading of some new Tract, (which makes him pretty ready at Political Reasoning, and listen'd to with more than ordinary Attention;) or else at a neighbouring Coffee-House, where he has a Club.

I, who am his *Name-sake*, and a far-off *Relation*, pass my Time agreeably enough in his House, where I have a more than ordinary Respect paid me by the whole Family, as being a Gentleman, and of an elder House than *John*.—— I have been his Lodger these four Years, and am frequently very well diverted with *John's* Remarks on Publick Affairs: For what he picks up about *Change*, he never fails to communicate to me in our Evening Chat, when we two are Smoaking our Pipes.

As *John* entertains me with *Political City Reasonings*, his Wife is no less diverting with her Relation of *Court Intrigues*.—— There is hardly a private Affignation that escapes her Knowledge; and she sometimes, (on the hearing the Clock strike) will, on a sudden, let us know, That at that very Hour, my Lord Such-a-one is with my Lady ——, and then it is  
ten

ten to one, but we are let into the whole Rise, Progress, and present State of the Amour.

Her Intelligence is almost universal; and it is pleasant enough to observe how *Love* and *Politicks* run thro' the whole Course of all Adventures; and that the Lady's *Favours* are generally bestow'd with a *Party View*. Sometimes, indeed, we hear of a mixt Intrigue, but then it is never lasting; so that we say justly, *That in our Age, Party is the Cement of Love.*

Mrs. *Shuttle* looks upon me as an old Gentleman of Gallantry, and therefore lets me into these Intrigues, supposing, according to the Proverb, *That I still love the Smack of the Whip.*

It is true, I give into that Opinion, to keep my real Design from being suspected: Which is to reclaim the guilty, if possible, by representing their  
*Vices,*

*Vice*, without exposing their Persons  
 For whenever I shall hereafter give an  
 Account of a Political Love Intrigue, I  
 shall endeavour to do it in such a man-  
 ner as it shall give no Rise to new Scan-  
 dal, but only rouse the Parties from  
 their Security; and, perhaps, reform  
 them, by letting them know, that their  
 Amours are not such a Secret as they  
 imagine.

My Reader by this Time, I believe,  
 has some little Light into the Cha-  
 racters of *John Shuttle*, and *Mary* his  
 Wife. I now proceed to give some  
 Account of my self, that he may be  
 the better able to judge what he is to  
 expect.

I know I ought to give my Reasons  
 for the Title of this Performance; as  
 likewise the Motives that induc'd me  
 to write: But as this may occasion some  
 Disputes between me and some of my  
 Fellow,



Fellow-Labourers about *Propriety* and *Decorum*, I purposely decline it —.

Know then, my courteous and most gentle Reader, That I, *Jeremiab Shuttle*, Esq; am an old Fellow of Seventy six, of a hale Constitution, (as I think) both in Mind and Body; for I don't remember to have had any Fit of Sickness since I had the *Small-Pox*, nor any great Disturbance of Mind since the *Revolution*. In my Youth my Father design'd me for a Clergy-Man, and sent me to the *University*, where I continued till I took my Degree of *Master of Arts*. I was then press'd to take Orders, but having some Scruples about Subscribing, I declin'd it. My Father then would needs have me to study the Law; and accordingly I was enter'd in the *Temple*, and put under the Direction of a very eminent Councillor. I was not there above two Years, when being one Day in his Chambers, I saw him take a Fee against a *Pauper* who was  
my



my Countryman and his Client, from the very Man that the *Pauper* was suing. This disgusted me from the Law, and disoblig'd my Father; for he had built great Hopes of seeing his Son either a *Bishop* or a *Judge*. But being a very honest Man himself, and withal an indulgent Father, he soon was brought over to my Reasons, and left me to my own free Choice. I then apply'd my self to study the Mathematics, and had certainly made a considerable Proficiency therein, had not the Death of my Father involv'd me in the Cares of the World. He left a perplex'd Fortune, which took up my Time from Study; and having two Sisters to provide for, and Debts to pay, I determin'd to go into the Army, and leave my Estate to pay off their Fortunes, and the Debts.

Accordingly I apply'd my self to some Friends at Court, who immediately got me a Subaltern Commission,  
and

and embark'd me for *Tangeir*, but the Winds proving contrary, after having been a Week at Sea, we were forc'd to put into *England* again, where I had Notice that the Company I belong'd to was soon to be reduc'd, which put a stop to that Expedition, and gave me no other Benefit than the Title of *Captain*, which I have ever since retain'd. I labour'd then for a Civil Employment; and after three Years Dependance, during all which Time I was within a Week of being provided for, I quitted the slavish Attendance, finding that Court Promises were like Dice, that undid a thousand for one that they enrich'd. Oeconomy was all that I had left to retrieve my Fortune; and by good Management, in seven Years Time I paid off my Sisters Portions, and the greatest Part of my Father's Debts. After that, I retir'd into the Country, and have spent several Years in Study and Contemplation, except about a Month that I

carry'd

carry'd Arms in a Company of the Train'd-Bands at the *Revolution*.——

The Occasion of my coming to Town was, some Money that I had left me by an old Aunt in the Funds. I, indeed, design'd to have return'd to the Country in a Month, but I found so kind a Reception at Cousin *Shuttle's*, that I have continued there these four Years : I pay a moderate Rate for my Board; have a tolerable good Lodging; and between *John* and his Wife, don't want the most entertaining Intelligence.

*John* has a very great Opinion of my Learning, and therefore whenever he meets with a Pamphlet that he does not thoroughly understand, he asks my Judgment.—— I likewise stand high in his Esteem for my Skill in Military Discipline ; and my Brother Captain and I have always a long Consultation the Evening before a Training-Day,

Day, and the Scarf is dispos'd to the Right or Left, exactly according to my Discipline.

The other Day *John* came Home in a very dull Humour; he hardly eat any Thing at Dinner; and what was very extraordinary, he rose from Table without Drinking the King's Health.

Mrs. *Shuttle* perceiv'd all was not right, and whisper'd to me to follow him, to try if I could learn the Cause. I did so, and found him in a back Parlour, in his Arm'd Chair, with two small stitch'd Pieces in his Hand, which he seem'd to look into with more than ordinary Earnestness and Attention. *What have you got there?* said I, as I enter'd the Room.——  
*Ab, Cousin,* says he, *here's strange Work here.*—— *Well, he's a good Man that's certain.*—— *But some Things might as well have been let alone.*—— *I wish he had never preach'd it.*



I could not comprehend much by this disjointed Talk; but sitting down by him, I found that he had been comparing the Bishop of *Bangor's* Sermon, and Dr. *Snape's* Letter to his Lordship on that Subject; and that those two Pieces had occasion'd *John's* Melancholly.

I was not a little concern'd to find the honest Man so much disturb'd, and therefore labour'd all I could to set him right: And to convince him that the Bishop had given no real Occasion for the Clamour that was rais'd against him, I told him that I had read both the Pieces that he had in his Hand, and that I could not observe any Thing that was liable to a just Exception in the Bishop's; and as for Dr. *Snape's* Letter, all that I could collect from the Reading of it was, that the Doctor was very angry, and seem'd to be under a great deal of Concern, that the Bishop was so conveniently intrench'd  
that



that the Doctor could not follow his Inclinations, and be allow'd to call him Names. ——— But, says *John*, I hope the Bishop will answer him. ———

No, said I, you might as well expect that his Lordship would answer the Scurrility of a *Waterman* on the *Thames*, as the Clamour of this Enthusiast. Ob, I ask your Pardon, says *John*, I find you don't know the Doctor. ——— Upon my Word he is an excellent Preacher. ———

That may be, said I, but I can never allow him to be a good *Reasoner*. Perhaps his easy Delivery may have rais'd him the Character you give him, of an excellent Preacher: But if his Sermons are no better written than his Letter to the Bishop, I am afraid he'll come under the same Censure with the Clergy-man that was order'd by Queen *Elizabeth* to print his Sermon; ——— That it was the best Sermon that ever she heard, but the worst that ever she read. ——— Ay, but, says *John*, the House of Convocation have taken him to Task roundly;

and he'll never be able to stand against them all; they'll certainly be too hard for him. You are mistaken, I assure you, said I, the Bishop is too close a Reasoner for them all; they may clamour and cavil, but can never overthrow his Argument. The Principles he lays down are as demonstrable as any Proposition in *Euclid*, and their attempting him will be as impotent as the Serpent's in the Fable, who thought he wounded the File when the Blood came from his own Tongue. ——— For my Part, said I, their Representation which they have publish'd, is so weak a Piece, that I fancy my Lord of *Bangor* will hardly vouchsafe them an Answer. This Controversy puts me in Mind of a Fable;

A Mastiff passing thro' a Country Village, alarm'd all the Currs, who pursu'd him from one End of the Town to the other, yelping and snarling: The Mastiffe took no Notice at all

all of their Noise ; but another Beast in his Company, it seems, was more offended, and would have perswaded the Mastiff to turn on his Pursuers : No, says the Mastiff, let them yelp on, they hurt not me ; were there not such Currs as these in the World, I should be no Mastiff.

The Fable made *John* smile ; and just at that Time a facetious Neighbour, one *Mr. Brisk*, enter'd the Room. — *Mr. Brisk* is one of those Persons, who, by a great Volubility of Tongue, passes in our Quarter for a Wit. He is a great Dealer in Scraps of Plays, and sometimes applies them luckily enough ; tho' at other Times so improperly, that he makes us laugh. — The first Question that he generally asks at his coming into Company, is, *What are you Talking about ?* And after this same manner he accosted us, with the additional Salute of a Slap on *John's* Shoulder. *John* told him, that we were

B. 3                      talking

talking of the Bishop of Bangor, and the Lower House of Convocation. Ay, says he, that Lower House of Convocation are the Phaethons of Mankind, who set the World on Fire; which, by their Preaching, they were only sent to warm. I'll tell you, says he, some News; they have sent down two Thousand of their poor Representation into the Bishop's Diocess, in Hopes, I believe, to procure him St. Stephen's Fate, when he goes his next Visitation. ——— For since they know themselves no Match for him in Arguing, they are resolv'd to raise the Populace, and attack him with Argumentum Bacculinum. Not but that they have Thoughts of entering the Lists with him Argument Way, but they could not find a Champion hardy enough to undertake him. A certain great Doctor was apply'd to, but he had been so foil'd before in a former Dispute, that he durst not take up the Gudge, but, like Puzzle-Pate in the Country-Wake, when he was advis'd to encounter Hob, he reply'd, "No, thank you,



“ you, I have had enough of him, he  
 “ broke my Head a *Saturday*. ” After  
 this manner *Briske* rattled for near half  
 an Hour, which put *John* into so  
 good a Humour, that he call'd for a  
 Bottle of Ale and clean Pipes, and we  
 three chatted away the Afternoon to-  
 gether. For the Controversy dropp'd,  
 The Conversation grew general ; and  
 proceeding from one Thing to another,  
*John* at last fell into a notable Deser-  
 tation on Modern Improvements. *John*,  
 in his Way, is a *Bentleian*, and thinks  
 that the Ancients are no more to be  
 compar'd with the present Generation,  
 than *Chivy Chase* is to a Song of *Con-  
 greve's* ; and, to demonstrate his Ar-  
 gument, shew'd several Patterns of  
 Silks far superior, as he said, to any of  
*Tyre* or *Sidon*. ——— I took up the  
 Defence of the Ancients ; and, to con-  
 fute *John* in his own Way, told him,  
 that the Silks he shew'd me were but  
 faint Imitations of those made two  
 Thousand Years ago in *China*. The  
Mention



Mention of *China Silks* gravell'd my Friend *John* a little; but recovering himself, *I won't*, said he, *dispute the Chinese Workmanship with you: But I still insist, that the Antients were in many Respects inferior to us. — And for the Glory of our own Country, we can boast, that neither Italy nor Greece ever produc'd a Man equal to our Sir Isaac Newton: His Philosophy has eclips'd all the Volumns of Plato, and Aristotle, and he has done more towards the establishing of Truth in his single Life, than all the Philosophers of Antiquity together. Here John made a full Stop, expecting an Answer, but finding we were silent, he took our Silence in the Sense of the Proverb, for Consent; and being elated with his Victory, he proceeded thus; We are not only superior to the Ancients, said he, in Philosophy, but likewise are an Over-Match for them, in that Part for which they are most esteem'd, I mean Poetry. — And I can instance Men of our Country superior to the greatest of them.*

them. — What Poet of Antiquity is there, that can compare with our Addison? — I know his own Modesty gives Virgil the Preference; but I am confident Virgil was neither so good a Poet, so universal a Scholar, nor so fine a Gentleman. — This Mr. Brisk dissented from, and alledg'd, That if there were any of our *English* Poets to be compar'd to *Virgil*, it was the late Mr. Ogilby; but, continues Mr. Brisk, tho' I don't like your Addison, yet I am of your Opinion, that our Countrymen surpass the Ancients in Poetry: There's Mr. Pope, what a fine Poem has he made out of the Works of an old blind Ballad-Singer? Homer owes him more than to his own Genius; and the Immortality of his Name, if it does prove immortal, will be more due to the Translator than to the Original. In short, Captain, says he, addressing himself to me, you Scholars value the Ancients purely to shew your own Learning, and tell us of Beauties in their Poetry, which are only so, because we don't understand them.

*them.—— You boast of your Euripides for Tragedy, your Aristophanes for Comedy, Theocritus for Pastoral, Horace and Pindar for Lyrick, Ovid for Elegy, Martial for Epigram, and Juvenal for Satyr. Did ever Euripides write such a Tragedy as the fall of Siam? Or either Aristophanes, Terence, or Plautus, a Comedy equal to The three Hours after Marriage? —— Can Theocritus's Pastorals be compar'd to the Shepherds Week? Or any Ode of Pindar, or of Horace, with the inimitable Lyricks of Tom Durfey? Ovid and Tibullus must give Place to the soft Performances of Mr. Gay; Martial to the Quaintness of Sir James Baker; And the Roman Satyrift to the City Bard.*

I could not but smile at the Oddness of Mr. Brisk's Comparing of Characters; and knowing him to be a Person not easily refuted, I rather indulg'd his present Humour, than contradicted it. *Well, says I, but Mr. Brisk, who of our Poets can you compare to Petronius Arbit-*  
 ter,

ter, or who to the more Modern Murfius?—  
 Ob, says he, we have one that has as much  
*Wit, less Religion, and more Lewdness than*  
*both these Gentlemen, I mean the ingenious*  
*Author of the Tale of a Tub; there's a Ge-*  
*nius for you, universal like the Sun, and*  
*bright as his Beams.—Shew me any of the*  
*Ancients that ever were hardy enough even to*  
*attempt his No Manner of Writing; his*  
*Works are an Indictum Ore alio; great*  
*and inimitable. ——— But, said I, if I*  
*should shew you an old Greek Manuscript*  
*written in his No Manner, (as you call it)*  
*near two Thousand Years ago, I hope you*  
*won't think your Author such an Original*  
*as you set him up for. — No, says he, I*  
*should not; — but I defy you to produce*  
*it. Upon this, I went up to my Closet,*  
*and brought down with me a Vellum*  
*Role, which was copy'd from the Ori-*  
*ginal in the Vatican Library; Lib. 37.*  
*Why, what's this?* says Mr. Brisk, *I don't*  
*understand Greek, and therefore I don't*  
*like their Works; this may be, for ought I*  
*know, a musty Record of a Troy Law-*  
*Suit:*



*Suit: Shew it me translated into English, and then I'll give my Judgment — To gratify you, said I, I will shew it you translated. — I did it yesterday, and tho' the Original suffers thro' my Want of equal Fire to the Author, yet it being wrote in an uncommon manner, I'll read it; —*

### *The History of the Apple.*

**T**HE Story that I am now writing, relates to a Matter that happen'd above \*\*\*\* Olympiads, before the Judgment of *Paris*; and, in all Probability, that Fable was borrow'd from this. The Antiquity of the Story deserves the Pen of a *Chiron*, or an *Amaleas*; but as those Gentlemen are as much above the *Muses*, as I am below them, I shall, without either Invoking their, *Apollo's*, or any other immortal Assistance, proceed to tell

*How Discord enter'd in the Realms of Jove,  
And Maia's Son list'ning to mortal Councils,  
Incurr'd*



*Incur'd his Father's Frown; —  
 Hence Jealousies and Fars, till Jove alarm'd,  
 Resum'd the God and Sire. — His Son chastis'd  
 With mild Rebukes Paternal. — But with Bolts  
 of Wrath  
 Hurl'd the assuming Mortals to the Center,  
 And blissful Peace restor'd. —*

So much for the sublime. — But how, in the Name of *Tartarus*, *Discord* came to be a Goddess, I cannot imagine, unless being the Mother of Harmony, gave her that Title by an inverted *Hereditary Right*. — But be that as it will, we find by a well-attested modern Story, that *Discord* was in Heaven, and had Power enough there to set three great Goddesses by the Ears. — I therefore proceed to my Story;

*On the Borders of the Euxine —*

Here Mr. *Brisk* being call'd out, put a stop to the History, For *John* would by no means have it Read, unless Mr. *Brisk* (who he calls my *Antagonist*) was

present. We waited about a quarter of an Hour, expecting his Return, but hearing his Voice, amongst some others, in the front Parlour, *John* would needs go to see what could occasion such a Noise in his House; So we both rose from Table —

When we came out we found Mr. *Brisk* in a very hot Argument, with one of *John's* Workmen, who was the Person that had sent for him out, to desire his Advice on a very extraordinary Occasion — And Mr. *Brisk* was giving it him in his *Argumentative Way*, Just as *John* enter'd the Room. *What's the Dispute, Mr. Brisk?* says *John*, very gravely. Only a foolish Fellow of yours, says he, that does not know when he is Well. It seems that you have turn'd away your Clerk lately; and this Fellow says, he wont Work with you any longer, unless you put your Clerk again into his Place. He has been giving me twenty odd Reasons for it; And I have been endeavouring to Con-  
vince

vince him, that there is not one good Reason amongst them all. He tells me, That unless you will give your Clerk his Place again, that all your Workmen will leave you. And when I ask'd him, where they would go to Work, the Answer he gave me was, That you cant doe with out them.

Pray, Robert, says John, very Gravely, How came you to be my Director? Do you think your self Wiser than your Master? It may be you do; But whatever you think of your Self, and your Abilities: I tell you, That if you meddle with what does not belong to you, you are no Servant for me: Mind your own Work, and go on in God's Name: I Pay you Honestly; but I can find a Workman when you cant find a Master.

Ay, that may be, says Robert, but pray, Sir, why did you turn away my Cousin Scribble? I am sure he was the honestest carefullest Man that ever put Pen to Paper.

Look ye, *Robert*, says *Mr. Shuttle*, I am not oblig'd to give you my Reasons for turning away *Scribble*: He was a *saucy Fellow*, and that's enough for you. If you follow his Example, I'll part with you too.

So you may, says *Robert*, If you please, for I dont care for Living any longer with you, since you've turn'd away my Cousin: I can get Work at the Frenchman's th' other side the Way; and if I go over to him, you may burn your Looms, I can tell you that; for I know you cannot carry on your Trade without me.

I should be sorry for that, says *John*, smiling, but, I believe, I need not go out of the *Fields*, to get as good a Workman as you are, and as Honeft a Man. You forget, *Robert*, the Condition I found you in—— Playing at *Hide and Seek* with your Creditors; out of Business, and not worth a Groat. I then Employ'd you, made you the *Fore-Man*  
of



of my Work, entrusted you with Pay-  
ing of the *Under-Workmen*—— Took  
no *Windsters*, but upon your Recommen-  
dation; and have suffer'd you to make  
more Advantages than ever any Man  
in your Business did before you, and  
now you are gotten a little Beforehand  
in the World you fly in my Face.  
Is this like an Honest Grateful Man?  
Fye, *Robert*, I blush for you!

*Robert* hearing himself thus mildly  
Reprov'd, burst into Teares; own'd  
that *John* had been the best Master  
in the World to him; and said, *That*  
*he was sorry that he had been Mised:*  
*But*, said he, *Sir*, *my Cousin Scribble has*  
*engag'd me to Swear to Work no longer*  
*with you, unless he has his Place again;*  
*and there are several of the other Workmen*  
*that have taken the same Oath.*

Ay, says *John*, a little Mov'd, What!  
You are in a Confederacy against me,  
are ye? Well, go on in your own Way,  
you'll

you'll Repent it before I shall——  
 See—— and make up all the Workmens  
 Accounts, and those that will go may.

On this *John* and I return'd to our  
 Room, and was soon after follow'd by  
*Mr. Brisk*. We were no sooner Seated,  
 but that *John* addressing himself to me,  
 with some Emotion, *Cousin*, says he,  
 you see the Ingratitude of the World! A  
 Master must be a Slave to his Servants Hu-  
 mours, or else his Work must stand still.  
 There's not one of the Fellows that are now  
 going to leave me, that have not been par-  
 ticularly the Objects of my Benevolence.  
 I have had a very great value for them all,  
 and could not, without very great Struggles,  
 prevail with my self to deny them any  
 thing. The easiness of my Grants made  
 them, by degrees, become less Valuable, till  
 at last, that same Scribble, that you have  
 heard Talk'd of Without, grew so Insolent  
 as to Thwart me on every little Occasion:  
 And at last became so Assuming, as to  
 pretend to the Management of my Fa-  
 mily.

mily. *When I first perceiv'd it, I thought that it might proceed from Levity; and that a little mild Reproof would Recalim him, but I found my self mistaken, for a confirm'd Arrogance had rendred him incapable of being Reform'd.*

*When I first took him into my Service, I thought him a Man of Capacity, and good Sense, for as such he was Recomend'd to me: But he has confirm'd me in the Opinion, That there's no trusting to Appearances. The Stiffness of his Carriage, I find, has been mistaken for Gentility; his Pride, for greatness of Soul; and his Dulness, for Wisdom. Even his Ignorance has been confuted into Knowledge; and his egregious Blunders, into the Result of Thought and Forecast. As Pride is his predominant Vice, there is such a mixture of it runs through all his Actions, that even an act of Benificence coming through his Hands, looses half the Value; and my Charity, by his means, has often*

often lost its Effect. The Arrogance of his Behaviour to many of my Friends, has Reflected on me, as if done by my Order. And some take me to be a Ill-Natur'd Man, because he has made use of my Name in denying their Requests rudely. In short, His Carriage, both to me and my Friends, has had such a mixture of Pride and Ignorance in it, that he is Insupportable.—

John was going to proceed with Scribble's Character, when a Boy came from the Coffee-House, to tell us, That the Club was met, and waited for the Chair-man, which obliged us to break up, and to put off the Reading of the Greek Story, till another Opportunity.



John Shuttle:



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